

Bless You

by Night Diviner

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Summary: Can gods and regalia get sick? And if so...can you tell them "Bless You?" As you may have guessed, this is a Noragami sick fic, in which Yukine comes down with an unexpected cold. Takes place some time after the end of Noragami Aragoto. The words between the slashes are meant to be italicized to indicate thought or emphasis on certain words. Reviews are welcome!

1. Chapter 1

A crimson sky, a single declare to "rend," and applause as the sky returned to its original dusk hue.

Yato remained in his final position from his feat against the slain phantom, Sekki's blades outstretched on either side of the god. A smile stretched across Yato's face at the sounds of Hiyori's cheers somewhere behind him. Her praise did warm him inside, even if it wasn't always necessary. He broke from his position to glance over his shoulder at her from across the street. It was in fact the very street where they'd met, but that was beside the point. Making his way over to the girl, Yato told her, "Thanks, but y'know, you don't have to praise me all the time." He broke out into a chuckle, bringing a hand to scratch the back of his head. Ever since he'd told Yukine to light the way for him, ever since he revealed minimal details of his dark past (although the regalia and the half-phantom were his dearest friends, he still upheld the belief that there were things about him neither of them should know...at least not yet), Hiyori had become something like their cheerleader, frequently attending every phantom fight to break out into hearty applause. Yato admitted, Hiyori did boost their morale, but he felt she was taking that whole "I have enough faith for all of us" thing too seriously.

"I know," Hiyori replied with a faithful grin. She waited until Yato reached her curb before she continued, despite the fact that it

wasn't possible for gods or regalia to be killed by things that could take the life of a near shore dweller. "But the two of you have worked so well together lately. You're even stronger than before." The compliment was not meant to butter up her friend, for it was true. Since Yukine had become a blessed vessel and made his promise to assist Yato on his path of becoming a god of fortune, the team had become even more cohesive and dependable than ever before. Of course, they still had their quarrels, Yato being far from fair and Yukine growing ever bossier by the day, but when it came down to it, the pair were almost undefeatable. /Granted, so far we've been focusing on phantoms, which they've always targeted. Even still, I just KNOW they're on the path to greatness! And I've just gotta keep being here for them./ Hiyori still felt guilty for being so selfish and stubborn, often avoiding Yato before his sudden disappearance. /Even after I told him I'd visit him every day...School had started and he was only complicating things, but in the end, his life was at stake./ Hiyori mentally shook herself to free herself of her negative recollection. /No! I'm just going to focus on here and now./

Well, here and now, Yato was frozen in time, those piercing blue of his eyes, which were fixed on her, clashing with the primrose color in his cheeks. Yep. Immediately Hiyori developed a sense of alarm, which pulsed up through her body and rose to settle on HER cheeks too. /Oh man, why does this always have to happen? What is he thinking? He's got it all wrong! Should I run? I know! I should fall asleep! Oh...wait...ERGH, that won't fix anything! Oh man! Someone save me! /

Yato's hand suddenly vibrated. It was not his phone, but rather his sword. Yukine was quite uncomfortable with the certain circumstances, and really wanted to be back on his own feet. /My own wielder getting distracted! Do I really ALWAYS need to come and fix things?/

"Oh!" The color faded from the god's cheeks as he suddenly realized.
"Yuki!"

In a beam of white light, Yukine returned to his human form, FINALLY. He made his appearance at Hiyori's side, arms crossed over-an-behind his head nonchalantly. It really was annoying how often Yato kept drooling at Hiyori these days. /He really needs to knock it off! I'm thankful for her help too; that doesn't mean I'm going to let it go to waste by being a creep around her. Sheesh!/ The regalia somewhat hoped Yato could sense Yukine's feelings of aggravation before the shinki had to spell it out for him, while a certain other feeling, a more physical one, sent a ticklish feeling through the boy's nose.

Yukine's eyes widened in surprise as the tickle intensified to a sharp itch...and almost in an instant, the feeling just licked the bottoms of his eyes. It was alarming, and all Yukine could think to do, was hold it back as best he could. /What is happening!? What do I -/ The thought was cut by an abrupt...sneeze? Well, abrupt sneezes/, as one after the other attack the boy in a single bout. When the fit ceased, Yukine felt really stupid as he buried his irritated nose into the sleeve of his hoodie. /Oh, right...a sneeze. I know what those are...gee, I guess ever since I...I've never gotten one. I didn't know I could!/ His gaze moved up from his sleeve, up at Hiyori and Yato, both staring at him with big eyes.

Hiyori blinked, finding this a difficult matter to fully comprehend.

Yukine...sneezed? "Bl...bless you!" This was an awkward thing for the girl to say, as Yukine was not only a spirit, but already a "blessed" vessel. /Well, no time to worry about it! He needs a tissue!/ The girl lept into action, frantically digging through her purse for her tissue pack. /Ah! There it is!/ She drew it from the back and shoved it in Yukine's face. "Here," she offered with a kind, very motherly smile. Suddenly gracing her was the fond memory of Yukine desperately handing Yato tissues when he began... "dripping" on his shrine.

Yato's expression of surprise faded into a humored one, taking light of Yukine's traumatic experience as the regalia took Hiyori's tissue and dabbed his nose. "Ha ha! Too many bad spirits for one day?" Yato teased, in reference to the belief held during the plague that sneezing released all the evil spirits from a human's body. "We've been battling them all day, after all." In a way, Yato was making an attempt to commend Yukine's prowess in their battles (Yukine just wanted him to shut up)...even though...there was something about today that didn't seem right with the regalia in his vessel form, something slightly slower, slightly duller than usual, but Yato had written it off...until now. "Though, I must say, you did seem to slip around quite a bit in my hands." Yato had switched back to his more serious self, the current matter at hand important all of a sudden. "Everything okay?"

Yukine had been well aware of that "slipping." There were two different answers Yukine could give the god, the truth or a mask...seeing Hiyori's concerned face made him come to his decision. He tossed his head to the side, closed his eyes, folded his arms, and let out a, "Hmph!" before retorting, "If anything, it was probably your hand sweat that got in the way of work!"

The comment shot through Yato like a bolt of lightning, and he let out an offended gasp. How, after all this time, could Yukine not only be so rude, but land an insult so unexpectedly? Even through their connection as god and regalia, Yato hardly ever saw an insult coming.

"Anyway," Yukine began, shoving the soiled tissue into the front pocket of his hoodie. It had been a while since he'd worn it, but he didn't particularly care if it got snot on it. The light-colored outfit served as something as a reminder for Yukine's dark beginning. "I'm going to Kazuma's to train some more." He glanced down at the pack of tissues he held in his right hand, extending them back at Hiyori. "Here you go."

A warm giggle resonated from Hiyori's throat as she held out a hand and waved it. "Keep it. You need it more than I do." (spot the reference) The boy's face wore a gracious smile, but the girl's face went stern as she went on to ask, "Are you sure you're okay, though, Yukine-kun? You were sneezing a whole lot!"

/She's always looking out for us,/ Yukine thought warmly of the half-phantom, before assuring her, "Yeah, I'm okay." The regalia was unwilling to let Hiyori worry about something as simple as a sneeze...even though he'd been freaking out about it before the fact. He focused his attention on the sky...it would be getting dark soon. The dark didn't bother him /as much/ as it had before, but Yukine valued curfew. "I'd better be going." br
>He turned on his heel and hurried for Bishamon's shrine, waving

behind him and yelling, "Later!" In seconds, he rounded a corner and vanished from the sight of his friends.<p>

Yato had managed to somehow stay quiet through Yukine's leave, staring blankly after him. Hiyori, subject to the awkward silence, took the opportunity to glance up at the statuesque god. "He's only playing around," she informed. However...Yato's hand sweat problem was a matter of concern for her. She often wondered if it was caused by something more serious, rather than just being a trait for the tracksuit-wearing god. /He does dress very warmly...

..>Okay, why is he being so quiet? Once again Hiyori cast her eyes on Yato's...only to find traces of tears within them. /WHAT!? YUKINE'S COMMENT HURT HIM THAT BAD?/ Instinct made her hands shoot for her purse and scrounge around, until she suddenly remembered that she'd only just handed her last pack of tissues to Yukine. /Turns out I really did need those after all!/

Yato phased back into reality, Hiyori's fidgeting rousing him from his state of stillness. Why did she look so frantic? What had happened? What did he miss? Who was he? "Hiyori...?" He just blinked at her with confusion. What was she doing?

"You were crying!" she wailed, continuing to search her bag, just in case she had a stray napkin or something.

/Crying?/ Alarmed, he lifted a hand to touch his eyes. He could definitely feel tears, but...Yato wasn't crying, he was sure of it. "Probably just something got in my eye. You worry too much, Hiyori," he chuckled, once again taking light of the situation. It was a little odd that he'd teared up without realizing it, but the god remained positive that it was nothing to...cry about. Changing the subject and turning his gaze back on the corner which Yukine had turned, he asked, "But can you believe the nerve of that kid?"

Ignoring rhetoric to play along, turning her attention to the corner to stare with Yato, Hiyori answered, "Actually, I can." It was in Yukine's nature, and the two of them were always quarreling. Hiyori laughed, dismissing her previous state of panic. Yato was okay...she hoped. /I'm not going to forget about it, though. The minute I start thinking everything's okay is the minute where gradually, nothing is./ Yato's blight. Her memories. /That's how it's went twice before, me being so stubborn and dismissive./ Again, Hiyori vigorously shook her head, but it wasn't just mentally this time. "Anyway, I'd better be getting home. It'll be dark soon, and my mom will freak out if I'm not there." She turned away from him, her hair flicking behind her. "I'll see you tomorrow, okay?"

"Okay!" Yato turned for Kofuku's. /Let me see if Daikoku's got any grub./

2. Chapter 2

Yukine had safely made it to Bishamon's manor, now roaming the lavish halls...but once again, Kazuma was nowhere to be seen, not in his office, not in the library, not the courtyard...which could mean only one thing for Yato's blessed -

"Restraint!"

>"Border - damn!" Statued Yukine.<p>

The sneaky Ha-Clan exemplar emerged from the shadows of a well-hung tapestry, humored by his student's reaction, despite the fact that training like this was important. Kazuma was not a sadist who sought to humiliate his minors (though Yukine was no mere minor), but he wanted to emphasize for Yukine that there really was no such thing as practice. The way to do this: surprise attack. The second he'd suspected Yukine's suspicions, the exemplar made his move. It was important that Yukine vitalized his instincts, but equally important was the fact that one can't get too comfortable, no matter what. "You sensed that one, didn't you? Good," Kazuma commended, despite the fact that Yukine had failed to draw a border quick enough. "Just remember, if instinct is telling you there is danger afoot, don't try to look for it. You just have to be prepared at the moment of attack." Cooly, Kazuma pressed up on his glasses, scooting them up along the ridge of his nose. He went on to reach into the pocket of his suit and pulled out a fountain pen, making his way for Yukine's frozen form. "No paint today. I have something slightly more permanent."

Irritated and fearing the pen, Yukine grumbled meekly, "We don't have to keep drawing on my face, do we? I know when I've failed."

Kazuma chuckled at his pupil's naÃ¢vety, humor lighting his face. However, the expression abruptly ceased when he locked Yukine in a firm glare, sending a small shiver down the boy's spine. When did he get so scary all of a sudden!? "It's the only way you'll remember what I've taught you." Without hesitation, Kazuma cruelly took the pen to Yukine's forehead, inspiration filling every movement of the writing instrument. Yukine recognized the movements as writing, not drawing. /WHAT THE HECK IS HE DOING TO ME!/? As if he had heard the thought of the distressed hafuri, Kazuma continued to write but simultaneously remarked, "Here we go! Now you'll have to draw up borderlines against all the girls."

/OH MAN, WHAT DOES THAT MEAN?/

And suddenly, the pen stopped. Hm? Had Kazuma finished? The exemplar pulled away from his pupil, and Yukine noted the concern in his deep green eyes. Was he stunned by something? Was he marveling at his work? /Or worse...both!/ "Kazuma...wh-what did you write? TELL ME!" It didn't help that he was still restrained, unable to maneuver his head to peer into the mirrors hung about the walls of the hallway. /He had this all planned out, didn't he? My exact position and everything!/\

"Yukine, are you sick?"

Yato's regalia hadn't heard what Kazuma asked, just his own name. Perfect! Now he could see! He made for a window at lightning speed, only to fume at what he found. Etched on his forehead was the word "Kiss," and an unfinished character for "Me." Yukine muttered some insults, not loud enough for his mentor to hear. Anyway, Kazuma was too concerned to pay attention to what Yukine was saying, and instead noted, "You felt very warm under my hand."

As Kazuma gently approached him, Yukine caught on, recalling his

sneezing attack in front of Yato and Hiyori. The fretful look he'd seen on Hiyori's frazzled face had repeated itself on Kazuma's in this moment. For some reason, when people looked at him like that, eyes heavy with worry, Yukine felt very uneasy. It wasn't a look he liked to see on his friends, and it certainly wasn't how he wanted them to look at him, like he was weak and helpless. So what if he WAS feeling under the weather (which the regalia could assure you, he wasn't)? That didn't mean he wasn't capable of his best performance. "I'm okay!" he growled, bringing his up his sleeve to violently scrub his forehead clean of the scandalous words. "You just got me riled up, that's all!"

Kazuma didn't like that tone of voice. He only hoped Yukine wasn't as peeved as he sounded, for Yato's sake. /Yukine is always mostly bark, though. I've seen his literally undying devotion to his master, despite their frequent arguments./ "If you say so," the exemplar replied with another scoot of his glasses. Yep. He had to let Yukine know that his judgement was being passed on him. "Then we mustn't waste time! Today I thought we'd focus on spells again." His gaze was authoritative with a focused and tasked tone to match.

"Excellent!"

Yukine's response was a lot more chipper, the regalia yet again jumping at the opportunity to learn. There was still a note of arrogance in his voice, but that was only to be expected when approached with a challenge. Yukine was always competitive and determined...which possibly meant he was okay after all.../Even still, I'm going to keep a sharp eye on him./

* * *

><p>Half-way into the lesson, Kazuma found himself hunched over a sneezing Yukine. Sneeze after sneeze, the poor regalia just couldn't seem to recover. Just as I expected. He really IS sick,/ Kazuma noted inwardly, but said nothing of the matter. His job for the moment was to hold out his handkerchief for the boy take as soon as he was finished.

"N-n-no, thanks!" Yukine choked out, reaching into his pocket to draw out the pack of tissues from Hiyori. /What am I doing here? Why did I decide to stay?/

Kazuma straightened his back, casting Yukine a very paternal glare, arms crossed and everything. "I think it would be in your best interest to head home now."

After blowing his nose, Yukine nodded. "I think so too."

Kazuma relaxed, letting out a sigh. /He really is thinking responsibly. I'm sure he only wanted to extend his training time to improve his skills. That stubborn, competitive spirit is just what he'll need in battle some day, and I don't think he's taking it too far, either./ "Very well, then. I'll see you out. Or do you need an escort home?"

"No thanks, I think I can manage that at least."

Arriving at the exit from the manor, Kazuma made his goodbye in the

form of advice. "Just focus on recovery. You won't be able to perform as well when you're sick, despite what you may think."

"Gee...I didn't realize that you could get sick when you're already dead," Yukine thought aloud. Really, this was the reason he'd denied sickness, for he thought it couldn't be possible...and then there was the fact he didn't want to be mother-henned by anyone. Now the regalia was in such a sorry state, he wished he hadn't been so ignorant of himself. /I'm sneezing like crazy. A little sluggish and warm, too. I hope this is nothing too serious./ Which made him ponder...

Placing a thoughtful finger on his chin, Kazuma reflected on past experiences, cases he'd seen in all his years as Bishamon's regalia. In his memory, it seemed he'd only known 1-2 sick regalia per century of his existence. "It is pretty rare, but illness is possible for regalia. Though, thankfully, it doesn't get worse than a stomach virus."

Distracted from his previous inquiry, Yukine couldn't think of anything worse than a stomach virus...er, from what he'd heard from Hiyori, anyway. It wasn't like he actually remembered having one himself...if he ever had one when he was alive. /And I'm definitely not looking forward to catching one./

Kazuma continued. "Oh, and don't hide this from Yato. It's vitally important that he knows, or else he might get you into something you might not be able to handle."

That made sense, even if Yukine didn't like the idea of being unable to defeat phantoms. "Got it." He wanted to suggest that Bishamon and her team should increase phantom-hunting, buuut it wasn't like Yukine was the exemplar of the Ha Clan. It would be rude of him to make such a suggestion, in his opinion. "I guess I'll meet up with you...after I recover." With a bow, Yukine willed himself to be beamed back to the Near Shore in front of Vaiisravana's shrine. "Thanks, Kazuma."

"Don't mention it. Take care of yourself!"

Those were the last words Yukine heard from Takamagahara as the near shore faded into view. However, unlike most times, the trip made the regalia feel a little queasy. Sighing, Yukine hoped Daikoku had something that would feel nice on his stomach. /Not that I'll be picky like Yato./

Yato...That's right! Yukine's question from earlier!

/Do gods get sick with their regalia because of their connection?/

...but he never asked it. /Whatever. I'm just heading back to Kofuku's. /

* * *

><p>Kazuma was heading back to his office, recalling his training with Yukine. Really, he was relieved Yukine decided to head back home, even if it meant training would be delayed for a time. His master comes first...speaking of which, I have to get some reports to

Viina./

The Ha Clan exemplar made his way to his office, passing Bishamon's as he did so. A ticklish feeling entered his nose.

Bishamon was in her office, signing a few documents for the next upcoming coloquiy. It was boring, tedious work, but it had to be done. /Thankfully, it's almost done. Just three more, and I can head to bed...OH! Kazuma's reports!/ Exasperated, the war goddess cupped her hands and dragged them over her face. This was going to be a longer night than expected.

It was at that moment that a squeaky "Ka-choo" sounded outside her office. Bishamon focused her attention towards the double doors, which happened to be open for convenience. There, she laid eyes on her devoted blessed vessel...who was currently rubbing his nose...he sneezed? "Kazuma? Are you alright?" the goddess asked curiously, dismissing all her work.

He turned his head to look at her...those purple eyes, so big and heavy, innocent even. The way she braced herself against her desk, as if she would hurry to his side in a heartbeat if it was necessary. Kazuma felt his heart skip a couple of beats. Oh! It was all just nervousness, he could assure you. Yep, 100% nervousness! "It's nothing," he rushed, pressing up on his glasses before dashing down the hall, blushing all the way. "I'll be there in a sec!"

Bishamon blinked, but shrugged off her concern. If it was nothing, it was nothing...

...HUUH? Her signature was smudged by a droplet of water? Where had that come from!? /If I didn't know any better, I'd say it was...a tear./

3. Chapter 3

AN: Thank you so much for all the views, the reviews, follows, and faves. I had no idea this fan fiction would get this attention in so short of a time. I'm just sorry it's taken me longer to upload this chapter. However, there's Yatori in it, so enjoy 3

* * *

><p>Hiyori's footsteps felt heavy to her as she made her way up the stairs and for her room, thenight's meal weighing on her stomach. Although she felt she'd overstuffed herself, half-wishing she could revert to her lighter form right then and there, Hiyori was catching very fortunate feelings. She lived in a nice home, her family had a high status in society, they were wealthy, and yet most nights, her mom would prepare dinner, they'd all gather around at the table and converse as a family, etc. My only complaint is homework, which I still have yet to do. I feel like I'll fall into a food coma any second now!/ was her final thought as her hand made contact with her doorknob and twisted it, cracking the door open.

It was pitch black in her room, but just as Hiyori's arm began searching the wall for the lightswitch, her hand landed on something oddly soft. /Huh? What is.../

A nice smell...oh...

"WAHHHH!? WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE!?" The girl lept about 4 feet backwards, landing back in the hall. It was a wonder her parents didn't seem to notice their daughter's panic.

"Good evening to you, too," came the familiar voice from the shadows. The lights came on as his right index finger flicked up under the switch, and the tracksuit-wearing invader was revealed leaning against the wall, arms folded and one leg crossed over the other.

Hiyori could only guess that Yato had rehearsed his smooth intrusion, but still, WHY WAS HE HERE? "That doesn't answer my question," she spat back, returning to a composed position, in which her arms were folded with authority and dignity. She was not amused that all her dinner was now sloshing around uneasily in her belly.

Yato sighed, shoving his hands in his front pockets. /That's the question, isn't it?/ "Yukine's sick." He kept his answer blunt, flitting his blue gaze towards Hiyori's open window, which had served as his entrance a few moments ago. Yes, he had taken advantage of the fact Hiyori wasn't there studying, darkened the room, and waited excitedly at the wall for her arrival. However, the fun was quick to end when the more dire topic was brought up. It deeply bothered the god that his regalia was sick, even if he was only experiencing cold-like symptoms. /Thinking about it makes my head ache./

Recalling the regalia's sneezing attack from earlier, Hiyori wasn't too surprised. /Still,/ she figured, re-entering her room, /It's a little odd that he can get sick./ "How can you tell?" she gently pried, quietly shutting the door behind her. "Do you...can you /feel/ it?"

Yato blinked at her a couple of times, as if he'd misheard her. Really, he just didn't know what to say to those flattering eyes of worry. The awkward silence that followed didn't help matters for Hiyori, but he eventually shook his head in response. "No. That's why it's, uh...such a shock...even to me."

Hiyori gasped in alarm. A shock? If Yato couldn't feel it, then neither of them were fully aware of the impact on Yukine! "Does he LOOK bad off? Is he okay?" she pressed desperately. Sure, she'd only seen him sneeze, but had it gotten serious? Was it always serious? And why wasn't Yato be able to feel it? That part made no sense, unless -

"Well, he's not too bad off, but he keeps on sneezing. Scratchy throat, I can tell. He's got a fever, too." The symptoms themselves didn't sound too bad to the god, and he was sure Yukine would pull through it. /He's strong! That's why he's my regalia,/ he boasted inwardly. What was just so troubling about the matter was that Yukine was sick in the first place.

At random, Hiyori began tearing at her hair, something Yato hadn't expected to see when he turned his gaze back to her. /WOAH!/ What the heck was she doing? The girl commenced into a rampage of words. "He needs an advil! OH! How high was it? Wait...would he need children's Tylenol? Is he that young? He's very small, so he's the right

weight...oh! But gods and regalia are really light." Now she had her face right up in Yato's, who's face matched her panicked expression, though his was more fear-driven. Was she going insane!?" "BLANKETS! DO YOU HAVE BLANKETS!?" She placed her hands on his shoulders, demanding his full, complete, and sky-blue eye contact.

Suddenly, Yato was attacked with a wave of sudden emotions, including nostalgia. This was just like that time when she demanded he fix her body, on the bridge, desperate hands gripping his shoulders, eyes wide and frantic. And there was something else about this that was nostalgic - looking past the frazzled schoolgirl, Yato spotted a mass laying on the ground by the door. /She must have slipped out when she started getting frantic. /

Yato made a cautious attempt at removing the girl's hands from him, placing his on her elbows to gently guide them downward and off. The tender care in his touch was enough to make Hiyori snap out of it and let the god slip past her. "Relax, Hiyori," he chuckled, eyes sparkling with humor. "You're worrying too much." As he approached her body on the floor, he crouched, and Hiyori turned to see for herself. Eyes settling on the body, the god and the half-phantom wondered in unison, /Why does this always happen at the most awkward of times?/ Again, Yato chuckled, going on to tease, "You see? This is what happens when you panic too much." The jab was reminiscent of an old wives' tale mothers would tell their children.

With a breath, Hiyori dismissed her frenzy. "I'm sorry," she replied, more embarrassed than apologetic. She really had flown off the handle there. Then again..."But YOU don't have to freak me out like that!"

"What?" Yato gasped.

"Oh, you KNOW what! First you break into my room, then you tell me Yukine is sick and you can't feel it, and NOW YOU'RE PICKING UP MY BODY!?"

Yato looked down. Because it was almost reflex, he hadn't notice he'd slid a hand under the back of Hiyori's body below him, or that he'd slipped the other under the crook of her knees, that he was gathering the girl into a position to delicately scoop her up and carry her...somewhere. He was already standing. /When did that happen?/ Once again, Hiyori had the idea all wrong, but Yato couldn't think of a way to define his actions It was just...gee, he always did this, ever since they'd first met. But what was her problem with it anyway? In an instant, Yato traded his confusion with a defensive glare in Hiyori's direction, shooting back, "Hey! It's not MY fault you're always slipping out of it!"

"Yeah, well you aren't doing a whole lot to FIX IT!" It was distressing the way she constantly dropped her body, and it always happened most random and awkward places, like at New Year's in front of Ami and Yama. "New Year, Same Snooze," they'd teased. It made Hiyori feel like burying her face in shame.

The god's pitch heightened when he wailed, "But y-you said you wanted to stay with me longer! And it looks like this is the only way, SO THERE!" Peeved with the girl's stubbornness, the god turned his back from Hiyori, though her body was still cradled in his arms. /I'm not going to be as stubborn as she is and just drop it./ This triggered a

troublesome, startling thought, making his stare drift downward to gaze at her body. /She's still happy with us, isn't she?/ He looked at the body with deep dread, his distraught, worried gaze hidden from the sights of Hiyori...well, both were Hiyori, but Yato could now look down at her all he wanted, but she still wouldn't see him... /Isn't that the opposite of what I want, though?/

Something about Hiyori - it was as if she could read people's minds, even if she didn't know exactly what they were thinking. That was something Yato always admired about her. She could read emotions really well, and right now, Yato looked distraught to her. A pang of guilt managed to phase her stubborn mind. /Ugh. It isn't worth fighting over. Besides, he has a point./ Of course, Hiyori was still stubborn, so she wouldn't admit that last part. Instead, she came up behind her friend and apologized. "I'm sure you only meant well. I guess I'm just getting a little sleepy. Now, what was it you came here for? Did you just want me to be in the know that Yukine is sick?"

The gentleness in her voice was enough to trigger a blush out of the god. Aware of his drastic color change, he kept his back turned when he answered, "Well, I was thinking you and I could work on a stew together."

Hiyori blinked. "A stew?"

The rouge faded from Yato's cheeks, so he turned with Hiyori's body and began carrying it to her bed. "Yep. I figured it would be good on his system. Unfortunately, there isn't much in the way of medicine our holy metabolisms can take. Even aspirin could have a very negative effect on us."

"But you can pretty much eat anything you want," Hiyori muttered, recalling their ravenous eating habits.

"Mm-hmm!" Yato carefully laid the body on the mattress, making sure the head was resting comfortably on the pillow. Finished, he turned back towards her, resting a hand on his hip. Excitedly, he exclaimed, "Plus, it would make a good get-well present, don'tchathink?"

Hiyori giggled, finding it endearing how Yato was taking Yukine's comfort into consideration...while the god was equally taking "raiding her fridge" into consideration. Also endearing was how he tediously busied himself with the comfort of her sleep, even if it was a little weird. /I won't complain about it this time, though. We'll just go back to arguing again./ "Sure!" she agreed, not a hint of reluctance shading her enthusiasm. "It's really good to see how you care for him."

"Well, he is my one and only lead shinki," Yato pointed out, sealing his eyes with pride. He never should have re-opened them, because there was Hiyori, white with dread.

"OH NO! IT'S THAT BAD!? HE COULD DIE!?"

Back again with the panic!

"NO, NO! IT'S NOT LIKE THAT!"

End
file.